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BARTON, VERMONT, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1867.

WHOLE NUMBER 681.

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earnest care and attention.—451

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new and elegant styles of stamp-
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bordered. Persons interested will be benefited by
giving our stock an examination.
L. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO.,
11 E. T. FAIRBANKS & CO.,
Newbury, April 20, 1867.—175

SEED WHEAT.
GOD Seed Wheat for sale at the Glover
Flouring Mills. FRENCH & WILLEY,
Glover, March 20, 1867. 12-41

**NEWBURY SEMINARY & FEMALE COL-
LEGE INSTITUTE.**—Summer term
commences May 9. Board of Instruction full in
all departments except Ornamentals.
S. E. QUIMBEY,
Newbury, April 20, 1867.—175

Oil!
RAW and BOTTLED Lined Oil—also a good
stock of Paints for sale by
HALL & JOSLYN.

The Dying Mother.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die.
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the oldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother,
Leaned his aching brow and wept,
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Come o'er me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

"Oh! be kind to one another,"
Was the mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory round her forehead,
Like the light of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer;
And the hand grew heavier—paler,
In the baby's golden hair.

A Harvard Poem.

The following is a favorite poem in Harvard
College. Its moral is perhaps hardly logical, and
the poet has indulged in considerable license, but
it is a work of merit nevertheless.

There lived once a planter,
With a son, his only son,
To whom, upon his birthday,
A bran new axe he gave.

The planter had a garden,
All filled with apple trees,
Which for the city market,
He was trying to raise.

The boy he takes the hatchet,
Quite jolly and jocund;
And going to the apple trees
He chopped them to the ground.

The father called his servants
And ranted them in a row;
"Who has chopped down my apple trees
And killed them root and bow?"

The servants stand amazed,
All drawn up in a line;
Then comes a running up to him
His young and youthful sine.

"I cannot tell a lie, pa-pa,"
The youthful boy began;
"Twas I that chopped the apple trees,
'Twas I, your little sin."

Now who, then, was this father,
And who his filial kin?
It was the noble Bushrod,
And young G. Washington.

MORAL.
Then who takes a hatchet
And apple trees chops down,
If he lives long enough will
A great and pious man.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN MISSISSIPPI.
—The Mobile Tribune tells a story
of a horrible murder which was com-
mitted in Summerville, Miss., April
12, by one Fitzgerald. The murder-
er had been doing some business in
Summerville, and got permission from
Lieut. Nunn to stay over night with
him in the store. The Tribune says:

"During the night Fitzgerald com-
plained of being very chilly, and Nunn
told him to get up and build a fire
and get some whisky, a bottle of
which was on the mantle, and he
would feel better. Fitzgerald got up,
made a fire, took a drink, and stood
in front of the fireplace warming him-
self. In a few minutes Nunn also got
up and went to the fire, and stood be-
side Fitzgerald, talking. After re-
maining some minutes in conversation,
Nunn turned round to look at some-
thing, his back being toward Fitzg-
erald, who immediately seized a heavy
billet of wood and dealt him several
hard blows across the head, knocking
him to the floor bleeding and sense-
less. Fitzgerald then proceeded very
deliberately to break open a trunk in
which he had seen Nunn put money
on a former occasion, and rifle it of
its contents—some \$1500 in green-
backs. He then gathered up a few
other articles and started to open the
front door of the store, when he tho't
he heard a groan from the wounded
man, and seizing from the counter a
large hammer used by blacksmiths, he
returned to the room and drove it
with a billet of wood into the head of
young Nunn up to the handle. He
then left the store, and getting his
stable, which was also stolen, from the
stable, left the neighborhood. He
was met on the road early Saturday
morning by several parties residing in
the vicinity, and of whom he inquired
the way to Philadelphia, Miss., and
then to DeKalb.

The murdered man was found in the
room by sunrise on Saturday morning
by his father, wailing in his blood.
He was breathing at the time, but he
died shortly afterward. The alarm
was at once given, and a number of
neighbors started after Fitzgerald,
upon whom suspicion at once rested,
but did not succeed in overtaking him
until his arrival at his father's home.
He attempted to escape, and fired sev-
eral shots at his pursuers, who also
fired, one of the shots taking effect
in Fitzgerald's face, but doing no se-
rious injury. He was finally secured,
and made a full confession of the
crime, and stated the full particulars
of it as we have given them above."

Oh! how easily it is to deceive our-
selves, and to sleep and wish that heav-
en may fall down into our lap!
Time, custom, and a good opinion of
ourselves, our good meaning and our
lazy desires, our fair shows, and the
world's glittering lusters, and these
broad gaudy ornaments and deckings
of religion that bear bulk in the church,
is that wherewith most satisfy them-
selves; but a pillow watered with
tears for the sins of the land, is rare
to be found among us.

The Eccentric Nabob.

Some two or three miles from the
little town of Aylesbury, England,
there once lived three cousins of the
name of Barrett. They were all
married and settled on farms, within
a few miles of each other, and each of
them had grown up children around
them. They were not rich, but in fair
circumstances; each had expectations.
An eccentric uncle had gone out to
India when quite a young man, and
rumor told them that he had become
very wealthy, and would probably die
a bachelor. Who, then, but them-
selves would be heirs to his prop-
erty?—they being at the time his nearest
kin.

One day the three families were
thrown into great commotion by each
of them receiving a letter, which con-
tained, besides dates and signature,
only these words:

"I am rich. Pools call me a nabob.
I wouldn't give such a title to a cat.
No matter—I shan't live always—and
when I die my property must go to
somebody. I am coming to England
to find an heir. I shall come and see
you, and hope you will please me. I
hope you are not troubled with beg-
gars. I do not like to see them about."

One dark, rainy night, about three
weeks after the reception of these let-
ters by the cousins, the family of
Moses Barrett was thrown into a
great state of excitement by the ap-
pearance at the door of two men in
livery, who announced themselves as
the avant couriers of his excellency,
Joshua Barrett, of India, who would
claim their hospitality for the night.
Saying which, the messengers put spurs
to their horses and dashed away, with-
out giving the astonished listeners
time to ask even a single question.

Now, Moses Barrett was a hunk, his
wife shrewd, and his three children
chips of the two blocks, but all under-
took to change their natures for the
time—rather to be ready to change
them on the appearance of the rich
uncle—for what was the use of acting
with the certain down.

"Now, Moses, you stingy old brute,"
said his wife, "if you know on which
side your bread's buttered, it's to be
hoped you'll have some chickens killed
for his excellency's supper, which is
more'n you did for Christmas, and
some of the wine fetched up that you've
had in the cellar since the year one,
and a fire made in the best room that
hasn't been there ten years; and all
our nice clothes put on, that ain't
much, for you'd never allow us noth-
ing decent to wear."

"And it is to be hoped, old woman,"
retorted the angry husband, "that
you'll soften down that screeching
voice of yours, and twist your wrinkles
into smiles—and that'll be something
I've never seen done since the first
week of our marriage."

Great activity was displayed by all
the parties concerned, in getting ready
to give the rich uncle the best recep-
tion possible, and all rejoiced, as much
as such a hopeful family could rejoice,
that they would be the first to receive
a visit from him—hoping, of course,
that they might thus forestall the other
relations in his good graces. It
would have been a strange way for
any other person to have made his
visit; but then, they knew the uncle
was very eccentric, and his being so
very wealthy made it all right in their
eyes. He might come and stand on
his head, provided he paid for his an-
tics.

In the midst of their hurried pre-
parations there appeared at the door
an old, feeble looking, white haired
man, thinly clad, and with his soaked
garments clinging to his shriveled
form.

"Will you be kind enough, good
people," he said, "to give me some-
thing to eat and a place to sleep to-
night?"

"We've got nothing to spare! and
if we had, we don't harbor beggars!"
replied the master of the house, in a
coarse, brutal tone.

"But I'm old, and feeble, and hun-
gry, and wet, and tired," said the dis-
tressed supplicant, in a pleading tone, "and
if you drive me away I may perish."

"Well, then," returned the old man,
"have done long ago," put in the cross
dame. "When people get too lazy to
work for an honest living, and start
out begging, it's my opinion that they
are better dead than alive. Besides,
we expect company soon—a rich man,
from India—and ain't got no room
for the likes of you."

"Well, then," returned the old man,
"with a sorrowful look, 'since you can't
keep me over night, will you please
give me something to eat, and I'll go
further.'"

The dame brought up a piece of
brown bread, with an angry look, and
was about to hand it to the mendicant,
more for the purpose, it would seem,
of getting rid of him than from any
feeling of compassion, but her miserly
husband interposed, and said sharply:

"I told you we hadn't nothing for
you, so travel on!"

"I'll set the dog on you if you don't
you old beggar!" cried a lad of ten.
"My rich uncle's coming here to-night
and he can't bear beggars; so you
better be going while your bones are
whole!"

"May Heaven be more merciful than
you," sighed the old man as he turned
and disappeared in the darkness.

Some half an hour later he knocked
at the door of Stephen Barrett, and
asked for food and lodging.

"It isn't convenient for us to keep
you to-night," said the master of the
house, in a mild, dignified tone. "Be-
sides, we don't like to encourage beg-
gars. If you are poor and not able
to work, the parish to which you be-
long is bound to support you. No
one need starve in this country, which
the Lord, praised be his name, has so
bountifully blessed. I trust I am not
wanting in charity—as an humble fol-
lower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I hope
I am not—but what with taxes for the
support of the government and the
poor, donations to benevolent socie-
ties and heathen missions, it is as
much as I can do to live and give my
family a respectable maintenance."

Now, my friend, if you are poor and
not able to work, (though I don't see
why you may not work as well as
travel,) you had better throw yourself
on the parish where you belong."

"But I am tired, wet and hungry,"
said the old man, "and all the parish-
es in the world can't do me any good
to-night."

"But you should have thought of
that before you left home," now chimed
in the good housewife, with a sancti-
fied air. "It is sinful to tempt Provi-
dence, as it is called; and whoever
sins must expect punishment. I never
go away without providing for the
journey, and of course I don't expect
anybody to shelter and feed me for
nothing. It is a sin, too, to idle
when one is able to work, and it is
against my principles, as a true Chris-
tian, to encourage any one in sinning."

"Then, I suppose, I am to under-
stand that you refuse me both food
and lodgings," said the old man.

"As to food," said the pious dame,
"glancing at her husband, 'if you are
very hungry I suppose we can do
something for you in that way; but
lodging is out of the question, for two
mounted couriers have been here to-
night, and we wouldn't like to run
any risks.'"

"Well, then," said the old man, with
a sigh, "I will take food, if you please,
and go on, even if I perish."

"Put your trust in the Lord, my
friend, put your trust in the Lord!"
said Stephen Barrett, solemnly.

"Yes," echoed his wife, "put your
trust in the Lord! that is what we do
in trouble. Sarah Jane, go down in
the cellar and bring up a couple of
those cold potatoes for this old man;
they are very good eating when one is
hungry; I like them myself. Yes,
put your trust in the Lord! and don't
leave home again without means—"

By-the-by, while I think of it," added
the old woman, laying down a cap-
frill, on which she had been busily at
work while talking, and looking up
with a bright twinkle of the eyes, "I
do believe you can get a good night's
lodging at Harry Barrett's, who lives
only half a mile from here on the road
south. He's a great hand for taking
in strangers."

She looked at her husband, and
they both smiled knowingly, for both
were thinking that in case the rich
uncle should find the beggar there, it
might increase the chances of Stephen
Barrett of becoming the fortunate
heir.

Sarah Jane now returned and hand-
ed the old man two little cold pota-
toes. He took them, turned them
slowly over, examined on all sides, and
murmured:

"They have rays; but can they see?
I think not, for if they could they'd
blush red, instead of keeping such a
dark color." Then glancing slowly
round the neat, tidy, cheerful room,
taking in three prim girls and their
pious parents, he quickly tossed the
potatoes into the lap of the astonished
mistress, saying, as he did so, "I beg
your pardon, madam, but I did not in-
tend to rob you."

"Oh, you sinful, wicked old crea-
ture!" exclaimed the good dame, in
holy horror as the disgusted old man
turned and went out, and shut the
door with a slam.

In less than half an hour the unfor-
tunate wayfarer was trying his chances
at the house of Harry Barrett.

"Come in," said a strong, hearty,
cheerful voice, in answer to his timid
knock.

He entered a large, plainly furnis-
hed apartment, and beheld a group of
six persons—father, mother, two sons
and two daughters—seated around a
pleasant fire with a bright light on
the table near them, and all looking
contented and happy. On seeing his
visitor was an old man and a stranger,
the master of the house arose and in-
vited him to walk forward and take a
seat, and all the others drew back re-
spectfully, to enlarge the circle and
give him the best place at the fire.

"I have called," said the old man,
stopping and removing his hat from
his white head, "to ask if you would
be kind enough to give me some food
and lodging for the night."

"Of course we will, my friend, and
glad of the chance to help a poor fel-
low in need!" said Henry Barrett, in
a frank, cordial tone. "Sit down and
make yourself at home!—Here, give
me your hat! Come, girls, hurry up
something warm for the old gentle-
man, who is wet, tired and chilled
through, as I can readily see. You
ought not to have been out so long in
this storm, father!"

"No, I know," returned the old gen-
tleman, holding his trembling hands to
the fire, "but the persons I applied to
wouldn't take me in."

"What! refusing lodging to an old
man like you on such a night, in this
Christian community!" exclaimed the

indignant host. "Who were the in-
hospitable wretches?"

The man described the houses and
people where he had called. "I see,"
said the host, with a grim smile; "I
understand! The first family kicked
you out?"

"Almost,"

"The second family prayed you
out?"

"Almost," again smiled the stranger.

"Well, they are both relatives of
mine, but I am ashamed to own them."

"They said, by way of excuse," pur-
sued the old man, "that they were ex-
pecting a rich uncle from India, who
wouldn't like to see a beggar about."

"Aye, my friend, and we are expect-
ing the same rich uncle, too—an ec-
centric old bachelor, who says he
wants to make one of us heir to his
vast possessions. Two gaily mounted
messengers arrived this evening to say
that he would be here to-night or to-
morrow, probably the latter. But
whether he does come, he will find us
as we are; and if he don't like our
looks, or the company we keep, he can
take himself off again."

"Nay, my friend," said the aged
stranger, rising in some trepidation,
"do not, for the world, let my presence
jeopardize your interests with your
rich kinsman! I will merely get some-
thing to eat, and travel on till I find
another lodging."

"No, you won't leave this house to-
night for all the angels that all the In-
dians can turn out! Sit down again,
sir, sit down, and make yourself at
home. I know the duty of a man who
has faith in God, and I'm going to do
it. What is his money to me? I can't
eat it, nor drink it, nor wear it, nor
carry it into the other world; and I'm
sure I won't bring me any happiness
that I don't now enjoy, and I know it
couldn't ever compensate me for one
mean action. No! let Joshua Barrett
settle his money as he chooses—I'll
arrange my conscience to suit myself!"

"God bless you!" murmured the
old man, in a trembling voice, and
bowing his head upon his hands he
wept in silence.

He remained at that hospitable
house during the night, and was en-
tertained like an honored guest. The
next day being fair, he took his leave.
As he was about to depart, Harry
Barrett put a crown into his hand,
saying:

"Take it, my friend, and not a word!
I don't know who you are, and I've
not felt it my duty to inquire; but this
I know—from your appearance, man-
ner, and language—that you are not
a common beggar, and that you have
seen better days, which I sincerely
hope you may again. It is as much as
my circumstances will justify, and it
may, perhaps, serve to keep you from
starving some night or sleeping by
the wayside."

"God will repay you!" said the old
man, solemnly; and he walked slow-
ly away, wiping the tears from his
eyes.

"He has already!" mused Harry
Barrett, placing his hand upon his
heart. "I have it here, principal and
interest."

Long, and in vain, did the selfish
families of Moses and Stephen Bar-
rett look for the appearance of their rich
uncle from India, in a carriage and
four, and great was their disappoint-
ment and vexation thereat.

Then came the intelligence that he
was sick in London. Next came the
news that he was dead and had left a
will. What an intense desire to know
the contents of that will! What a
wild, furious excitement when its con-
tents became known!

To Moses Barrett he devised one
pound, to buy a coffin for the dog that
his precious son had threatened to
set on a beggar.

To Stephen Barrett he had be-
queathed one pound three pence—the
pound to be devoted to the parish
poor—the three pence to buy cold po-
tatoes for beggars, with the hope that
he and his pious family would put
their trust in the Lord.

To Harry Barrett, and his heirs
forever, he had willed all the remain-
der of his vast wealth, some half a
million pounds sterling, with a hope
that he and they would sometimes re-
call with pleasure the visit of the old,
white-haired man they had once so
kindly entertained.

The old beggar of that dark, rainy
night, was no other than Joshua Bar-
rett himself!

SAD INCIDENT.—An instance of al-
most superhuman endurance and per-
severance occurred in San Mateo Co.,
California, a short time since. A
wood chopper was caught by an oak
tree, three feet in diameter, which fell
across his legs. A fierce storm was
progressing, and during the entire
night the sufferer madly cried out for
assistance, only to be answered by the
mocking winds that howled through
the surrounding forest. The next
morning the sufferer observed his ax
within reach, and hope sprang up in
his heart. Lying prostrate on his back
he began the weary task of chopping
the tree in twain. At each blow of
the ax the huge tree settled closer up-
on his limbs, crushing them almost to
a jelly, but he still persevered, and af-
ter two days of unremitted toil his
task was completed. Mangled and
crushed as he was, he crawled to a dis-
tant cabin. Medical aid was employ-
ed, and both legs were amputated.—
Incredible as it seems, the man is like-
ly to recover.

Silence is the safest response for all
the contradiction that arises from im-
pertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

Miscellaneous Items.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—Looking at
the Bible merely as a historical fact,
as a power in the world, which has
influenced the opinions and directed
the life, and quickened the heart of
millions; which has been inspiration
to the greatest minds of the race;
which has been the spring of that
great philanthropy which is the boast
of our civilization; and which is now
the professed guide of three hundred
millions of our fellow men; surely
these facts, apart from any considera-
tion of its Divine origin, of its claims
to be a revelation from God, demand
for it a respectful attention and dili-
gent study, from any one who would
be considered a well informed and in-
telligent man.

The god of metaphysics is but an
idea; but the God of religion, the
Creator of heaven and earth, the Sov-
ereign Judge of actions and of tho'ts,
is a power.

Let us be men with men, and al-
ways children before God; for in his
eyes we are but children. Old age it-
self, in presence of eternity, is but the
first moment of a morning.